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The time, two in a bar, I have already signified, cannot be beaten otherwise than as we have before seen—whatever its degree of rapidity. But if, as an exception, it should be very slow, the conductor ought to subdivide it.

A time, four in a bar, very rapid, on the contrary, should be beaten two in a bar; the four accustomed gestures of a moderate movement becoming then so hurried, as to present nothing decided to the eye, and serving only to confuse the performer instead of giving him confidence. Moreover,—and this is of much more consequence,—the conductor, by making uselessly these four gestures in a quick movement, renders the pace of the rhythm awkward, and loses the freedom of gesture which a simple division of the time into its half, would leave him.

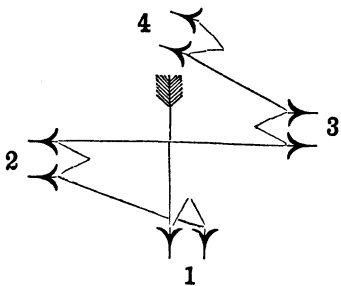
Generally speaking, composers are wrong to write, in such a case, the indication of the time as four in a bar. When the movement is very brisk, they should never write any other than the sign **C**, and not that of **C**, which might lead the conductor into error.

It is exactly the same for the time, three in a bar, fast $\frac{3}{4}$, or $\frac{3}{8}$. Then, the gesture of the second beat must be omitted; and, by remaining the period of a beat longer on the first, only raise the stick at the third.

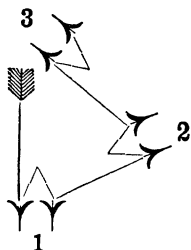
It would be absurd to attempt to beat the three in a bar of one of Beethoven's scherzos.

The contrary is the case for these two times, as for that of two in a bar. If the movement be very slow, each time must be divided; and consequently eight gestures must be made for the time, four in a bar, and six for the time, three in a bar, repeating (and shortening) each of the principal gestures we have before instanced.

Example of four in a bar, very slow:



Example of three in a bar, very slow:



The arm should remain wholly unaiding to the little supplementary gesture, instanced for the subdivision of the bar; merely the wrist causing the stick to move.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC

AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 214.)

"Sweet music has been heard
In many places;—some has been upstirr'd
From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,
By a swan's ebon bill; from a thick brake,
Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild
About the earth."—*Keats*.

American farm sounds, out-door and in-door, are chronicled in the following passages:—

"Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence

Into the sounding pail the foaming streamlets descended. Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness; Heavily closed, with a creaking sound, the valves of the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

* * * * *
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him Sang to their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated, Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her:

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,

Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion, the clock clicked."—*Longfellow*.

* * * * *
"The unnumber'd sounds that evening store;
The songs of birds—the whisp'ring of the leaves—
The voice of waters—the great bell that heaves
With solemn sound,—and thousand others more,
That distance of recognizance bereaves,
Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar."—*Keats*.

* * * * *
"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear."—*Byron*.

* * * * *
"I* have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry-time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks."

Mrs. Hemans.

(Continued on page 235.)

* The Spring.

Music among the Poets and Poetical Writers—(continued.)

In his *Evening Walk*, the poet has recorded the music of English lake-scenery :—

"The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,
The echoed hoof nearing the distant shore,
The boat's first motion—made with dashing oar;
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
Hurrying the timid hare through rustling corn;
The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound."

Wordsworth.

And in another poem, he has described that of Swiss lake-scenery :—

"Now couch thyself where, heard with fear afar,
Thunders through echoing pines the headlong Aar;
Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
Of pensive Underwalden's pastoral heights.—
Is there who 'mid these awful wilds has seen
The native Genii walk the mountain green?
Or heard, while other worlds their charms reveal,
Soft music o'er the aerial summit steal?
While o'er the desert, answering every close,
Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes and goes.

* * * * *

How still! no irreligious sound or sight
Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
An idle voice the sabbath region fills
Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills,
And with that voice accords the soothing sound
Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round;
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-wood's steady *sugh*; †
The solitary heifer's deepened low;
Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling snow.
All motions, sounds, and voices, far and nigh,
Blend in a music of tranquillity;
Save when, a stranger seen below, the boy
Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

* * * * *

A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue
Gapes in the centre of the sea—and through
That dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound
Innumerable streams with roar profound.
Mount through the nearer vapours notes of birds,
And merry flageolet; the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
Talk, laughter, and perchance a church-tower knell:
Think not, the peasant from aloft has gazed
And heard with heart unmoved, with soul unraised.

* * * * *

He holds with God himself communion high,
There where the peal of swelling torrents fills
The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills."

Wordsworth.

† *Sugh*, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.—*Author's note*.

Chaucer has the same word (differently spelt,—but also from the Teutonic origin), where he speaks of—

"a forest

In which there wonneth neither man nor beast,
With knotty knarry barren trees old
Of stubbes sharp and hideous to behold,
In which there ran a rumble and a *swough*,
As though a storm should bresten every bough."—*M. C. C.*

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."
Gray.

~~~~~

"And more, to lull him\* in his slumber soft,  
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,  
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sown  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon.  
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,  
As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,  
Might there be heard: but careless Quiet lies,  
Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies."—*Spenser*.

~~~~~

"Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough."—*Milton*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

This Journal is published on the 1st of every month.

We would request those who send us country newspapers, wishing us to read particular paragraphs, to mark the passage, by cutting a slit in the paper near it.

The late hour at which Advertisements reach us, interferes much with their proper classification.

Colored Envelopes are sent to all Subscribers whose payment in advance is exhausted. The paper will be discontinued where the Subscriber neglects to renew. We again remind those who are disappointed in getting back numbers, that only the music pages are stereotyped, and of the rest of the paper, only sufficient are printed to supply the current sale.

We cannot undertake to return offered contributions; the authors, therefore, will do well to retain copies.

J. W., South Shields, will find the phrase, "Per Recte et Retro," explained at page 64 of Dr. Crotch's "Elements of Musical Composition."

Magister.—Respectfully declined.

Brief Chronicle of the last Month.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of the present season took place on the 14th of April, when Madame Clara Schumann made her first appearance in England, and played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E♭, and Mendelssohn's 17 Variations Serieuses. Professor Sterndale Bennett conducted. Madame Clara Novello was the vocalist.

SAXLINGHAM.—A concert was given on the 27th of March, for the benefit of the Reading-Room, by some of the members of the Norwich Choral Society. Pianoforte, Mr. G. Brittain; conductor, Mr. H. Rudd.

READING.—A society of vocalists, under the title of the "Reading Choral Society," has been established about six months; and, under the direction of Mr. W. H. C. Dawson, has attained considerable proficiency in the practice of vocal music. Their second "open night" has just taken place in the New Hall.

* Morpheus.